

THE AMERICAN ATHENÆUM;

OR,

REPOSITORY OF THE ARTS, SCIENCES, AND BELLES LETTRES.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, BY GEORGE BOND, NO. 4 CHAMBERS-STREET, NEW-YORK.

No. 19.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1825.

Vol. 1.

REVIEW.

ART. I.—THE NOVICE; or, The Man of Integrity. From the French of L. B. PICARD, Author of the *Gil Blas* of the Revolution. In two volumes. 12mo. pp. 284, 279. New-York. Geo. and Charles Carvill. 1825.

In their tact for novel-writing, the French are undoubtedly superior to all other nations whatever. We refer now more especially to that species of novels in which the events of private and familiar life are the subjects of fiction, and the principal effect of which depends mainly on the correct delineation of individual traits of character, the happy disposition of the principal circumstances, and not least in animated and striking dialogue. Whether it be owing to their natural vivacity of disposition, the quickness of their perceptions, and the ready playfulness of their fancy, or to a certain *naivete* in their mode of expression, certain it is that their works of fiction possess, in general, a felicity of manner, that is inimitable, and which is sure, even where their writers are obnoxious to the censure of the moralist and the critic, to impart interest to their works, to awaken the curiosity of their readers, and satisfy their longing for amusement. It were superfluous to cite instances. They will readily occur to any one conversant with French literature. Now that a knowledge of this language is becoming more and more in requisition, and that it is deemed unfashionable, we had almost said vulgar, not to be able to read, if not to speak French, we hope to see French novels rendered more familiar to our readers, and that in their native dress. Translations, however perfect, never can convey that raciness of manner which distinguishes an author's peculiar style, and the French prose besides has a something peculiar to itself both of sweetness in sound and point in signification, or *esprit* as they themselves term it, which it were hopeless to transfer to any other idiom.

We are here presented with the life and adventures of a being not often found in a nether sphere, an *honest man*. From the sphere to which we allude, we ought perhaps to state distinctly that we except old England, that is, if we may trust her own report, for we are gravely informed* that "although a man of integrity may be the creation of a Frenchman, he is necessarily in character an Englishman," and therefore "there is no room for doubt that the author of the present work has sketched his idea of a man of integrity, from the English character!" Let us

hear no more, after this, of Brother Jonathan's consummate vanity!

The Novice is a simple story, told with great simplicity, and remarkable for its vivid descriptions and its truth to nature. There is nothing mysterious about the plot; nothing to excite astonishment or satisfy the love of the marvellous. It is the life of a plain citizen, whose native simplicity of character, and adherence to truth and virtue render him a frequent dupe to the designing, and an occasional butt to the malicious and the envious. As his mental and bodily powers are developed, and the force of his character and the generosity of his disposition are made to appear in his actions, he commands not only the respect, but the esteem of the world. In a great variety of situations he encounters many adventures and gets a pretty good insight into the characters of men. The fruits of his experience are detailed to us, and with some of them we shall now gratify our readers.

The first profession which the hero of the story adopts is the medical. The following advice so generally followed, disgusts him with it, as it has not a few, in our own immaculate city.

"While young Dercy was assiduously studying anatomy, chemistry, pathology, therapeutics, and the other sciences necessary to qualify him for becoming a good physician, although they frequently form so many bad ones, his friend Picot was not sparing in lessons of another kind, and in instructing him how best to succeed in his profession. 'The first step,' said his mentor, 'is to attach yourself as a pupil—an admirer, an enthusiastic disciple, to some eminent practitioner, who will in return assist you with his advice, and procure you access to families of consequence. It is not all the world who are so lucky as to meet with such fortunate hits, or who know how to turn them to so good account, as I have done.' Here, without exactly confirming a certain report respecting his intimacy with the wife of his former instructor, M. Picot had the weakness to give his hearer to understand that the affectionate interest of the lady had contributed not a little to secure for him the friendship of the husband. George was too great a novice not to consider this method of promoting his interest as being any thing but delicate; resolving at the same time never to adopt it for himself.

'As soon as you shall have obtained your diploma,' continued his adviser, 'you must take care to appear to have a great number of patients, even although you should not have a single one. There are a thousand little artifices that have

been successfully practised for this purpose by many of the most eminent of the profession; and although well aware of them, the public suffer themselves to be duped. In the first place, you must have some kind of a carriage: it is indispensable: formerly it was what they termed a *demi-fortune*; at present a cabriolet is the vehicle most in vogue. You must have a first floor, elegantly furnished; not forgetting a library. You have no money! well, then, you must obtain credit: and money will follow. Get a clever fellow of a servant, who must nevertheless have a certain air of simplicity about him; and whenever you dine abroad, be sure that he never fails to come running to you out of breath, to say that you are sent for by some baroness, some countess, or even princess: then rise from table in a hurry, before the desert, and go and take a cup of coffee at your leisure, at some coffee-house in the neighbourhood. Let your servant go too, and make inquiry for you at the houses of all your acquaintances: let him disturb all the neighbourhood at night, pretending in his hurry to mistake their doors for your own, so great must be his eagerness to find out the 'celebrated Doctor,' physician in ordinary to his excellency the ambassador, or to the commander-in-chief of some of our armies.'"

He quits medicine and goes to law. This, too, he finds beset by cunning and knavery. He flies to merchandise, is still disgusted, and retires to the country.

The following affair of honour will display a subtilty on the part of our hero with which few will find fault.

"The day began to break; the clock struck four, and the hour appointed for the meeting was at six. Dercy rose with an aching head, and a sense of suffocation, that induced him to seek the fresh air; for which purpose he descended to the garden, and on his way down stairs looked into Dharville's chamber, and found that he was in a deep sleep.

On turning into one of the walks of the garden, he met a man whom he instantly perceived to be Vanholl. The recognition was mutual, and Vanholl inquired what had brought him to Aix-la-Chapelle. 'In order to inform you in a word, the business on which I am come hither, it will be sufficient to say that it is as the friend of count Dharville.'

'You, M. Dercy, the count's friend?'

'I do not pretend to compel you to listen to his praises, but all who know, admire and love him.'

'Oh, I only meant to express my surprise at the capricious chance by which it happens that I find one whom I so

* See European Magazine for June, 1825, review of the Novice, p. 548.

much esteem as I do you, the friend of my adversary. You are not the first whom I have heard speak in high terms of commendation of the noble sentiments and courage of the count; and the circumstance of having you for a friend, can but add to the opinion I entertain of his merits.' This was uttered with all that phlegm which George had before remarked in him.

'How has it happened,' asked Dercy, 'that my friend can have been led to behave towards you in the way which I understand he has? His education, his gentlemanly manners, render it almost incredible.'

'Why, the fact is, I had irritated him beyond all bearing; the champagne had got into both our heads.'

'And still you are going to—In whatever way this duel may terminate, I shall have to regret the event. It is dreadful to think that I shall either lose my friend, or that his presence must ever afterwards call to my mind the death of one who has so many claims upon my esteem.'

'Should it be my lot to fall, do not impute all the fault to M. Dharville. I now speak to you with the calmness of one who has made a sacrifice of his life. The insult I have received can be repaired only by blood. It is necessary that I either perish myself, or destroy my adversary; but I am not on that account unjust; it was I who was in the first instance culpable; Dharville is young and without any ties, and he might, therefore, without compromising his character, visit in the house we both frequented; but I, a husband and a father, ought I to have been found there? His error arose from his natural gay turn of disposition; but I have violated sacred duties:—I would wish to act generously towards him.'

'And what prevents your doing so?'

'It is impossible!'

'You accuse yourself of having acted wrong; let then a noble action efface your errors. Without either adding to, or diminishing the danger to which you yourself are exposed, it is nevertheless in your power to secure the life of your adversary.'

'How?'

'By firing in the air.'

'What is it that you propose to me?'

'What perhaps appears very strange at first; but reflect.'

'No, no,' returned Vanholl, after a moment's pause, 'were I to extend my generosity so far as this, you would, out of gratitude, seek to prevail upon M. Dharville to spare my life in return. Such an arrangement is utterly inadmissible in an affair like this.'

They continued to walk on in silence, till Vanholl suddenly stopping, and looking George in the face, said, with some vivacity, 'will you then give me your word of honour, that if I promise to spare Dharville, you will not say any thing to him—not a syllable that may induce him to spare me?'

'Yes,' replied George, after reflecting

a few seconds, 'I do give you my word of honour that I will say nothing to Dharville. You understand me?' added he, with some emphasis on the words, 'I will say nothing to him.'

'Then be under no apprehensions for the fate of your friend,' cried Vanholl, shaking Dercy affectionately by the hand.

We must here confess that there was a little subtilty, and even a little jesuitical subtilty in our hero's promise: it was the first time he had allowed himself to have recourse to it, but the urgency of the occasion must be his excuse; and he would be an outrageously severe moralist indeed who would still be inclined to censure him. Vanholl now went to find his second, and Dercy returned with a lightened bosom to his friend.

At the appointed hour all the parties were at the places of meeting: when George, to his surprise, found that Vanholl's second was no other than the old officer who had taken upon himself the office of being his mentor, and had volunteered him so much good advice at Madame Stoikoff's—advice apparently so much at variance with his own conduct. He now, for the first time, learnt that he was captain Gregory, an old Irish officer on half pay. Having saluted the three young men with an air of gravity, the captain said to the two combatants, 'My good friends, it gives me much concern to see two such interesting young men as you engaged in an affair where in all probability one of you will fall. In order to be prepared for the worst that may happen, I have taken the precaution usual on these occasions, and provided a skilful surgeon, who is waiting a hundred paces behind that wall. I met with him here in the suite of lord Farquhar, whom he recommended to come hither to try the waters. He will be ready to appear on the first signal I shall make him. I have now one piece of advice to give you, which is to settle this affair as quickly as possible. Do you wait quietly here under these trees, while M. Dercy and I step behind that little hedge, and charge one or two pistols which I have got here. Leave the whole management to me, and be assured that every thing shall be conducted as it ought to be.' He and George then retired behind the hedge, and whilst he was loading the pistol he said, 'This is the thirty-seventh duel in which I have been either principal or second; but I have been only three times concerned in such as the present one, once on my account, and twice as second.' George at first began to smile at the gravity with which this Nestor of duels made preparations that he himself now knew would be attended with no fatal consequences; but at these last words he felt disgusted by the calm indifference with which the Irishman related his homicidal feats; and the *sang froid* with which he contemplated a combat, the event of which must appear to him to be certain death.

'Let us proceed with both method and despatch,' said the captain on returning

to the principals; 'here are the dice; he who throws the highest shall have the choice of the pistols. M. Vanholl, you are the party offended, do you, therefore, take the first throw.' Vanholl threw a six-four; Dharville a double deuce. Then the former having taken the pistol nearest to him, he and Dharville placed themselves at the distance of two paces from each other; and on the signal being given by the captain, both fired in the air. Surprised at this behaviour on the part of his adversary, Vanholl looked at George with an air of mistrust; but Dharville, who had had the loaded pistol, frankly apologised, and offered to begin again. Vanholl, although offended, hesitated whether to accede or not to this proposal, when the captain interfered, saying, 'gentlemen, I think that things ought to go no farther; and when I am satisfied all the world ought to be so. By St. Patrick! but you are a couple of brave lads.' Then Vanholl and Dharville having shaken each other by the hand, he added 'the affair is now settled, as far as fighting goes; and all that remains to be done is to assemble together the parties who were present at the quarrel, and assure them that you have both had honourable satisfaction. There is no time to be lost in doing it, and I will take upon myself to summons them, and will now go and dismiss the surgeon.'

ART. II.—Address delivered before the Alumni of COLUMBIA COLLEGE, on the 4th May, 1825, in the Chapel of the College. By CLEMENT C. MOORE, A. M. New-York. E. Bliss and E. White. 8vo. pp. 37.

THIS is a very neatly written and sensible address, calculated at once to reflect honour on its author, and to benefit the institution, whose history he has, with zeal and fidelity, traced from its earliest periods down to the present time. Solicitous to awaken the delightful recollections of youth in the minds of his fellow *alumni*, and thereby foster among them feelings of union, and harmony, and good-fellowship, Mr. Moore has skilfully and laudably availed himself of this grateful theme, and endeavoured to deduce from it inducements to activity, favourable to the interests of their common *alma mater*. That these interests stand in need of promotion, and require an impulse not yet given to them, no one who is acquainted with their present condition, and is, at the same time, anxious to improve it, will deny. It is a lamentable fact that our literary institutions have not any of them attained that rank to which the rapid increase and growth of our city, and the destiny which (we had almost said immediately) awaits her, so richly entitle them. Among them Columbia College must be numbered.—Notwithstanding that her course of instruction is as ample as that of any other similar institution in the country, that the character of her teachers ranks them among the first scholars—that her sons have filled the first offices in the gift of a free and enlightened people, and rank the highest among our statesmen, our orators,

our divines, our jurists, and our physicians, she does not, as yet, enjoy that estimation, and command that respect in the union, which are so liberally bestowed upon other institutions, apparently, enjoying no superior advantages. What are the causes which thus clog her advancement, and keep in check her elevation, it would be interesting and useful to ascertain, and we should have been pleased if Mr. Moore, enjoying, as he does, the most ample means of information, would have made it the subject of attentive investigation in the present discourse. This would have been a far more interesting subject of discussion than "the relative standing of the College now, compared with what it was before the revolution."

Among the causes we have heard assigned, the two principal are—the location of the college in a city, and the sectarian influence said to be exercised in all appointments to office and honours, &c. To the first of these we attach no importance whatever. If a school is flourishing, and affords a desirable instruction to pupils, it appears to us a matter of not the least consequence whether its site be town or village, city or desert. Where a market is well stocked, there consumers will resort. This we hold to be an undeniable principle, in education no less than in other branches of economy. If we wanted confirmation to our argument, we might appeal to the example now presented us in the city of London. The wants of the middling class call aloud there for an institution like ours. To Oxford and Cambridge their means will not allow them to send their children, as the expense and luxurious living incident to a residence in these royal universities, can be met with only by the higher and wealthier classes. They are not willing, however, that their children should be without the means of knowledge, and an university in London, approved of, and publicly supported, by Campbell, Mackintosh, Brougham, &c. is to be established, and will, without a doubt, go into successful operation. Arguments against a city education have been met with, in the course of discussion, and most triumphantly set aside. The best asylum of a youth is the house of his parent, and experience has amply demonstrated the fact, that a residence from home, particularly in the walls of a college, is not the best calculated to improve the morals, or excite the ambition of giddy seventeen. We do not, therefore, regard the location of Columbia College in a city, as constituting an obstacle to her advancement. We are inclined, on the other hand, to believe that it will constitute, hereafter, a positive advantage.

With respect to the second cause—the exercise of sectarian influence—we are not prepared to express our decided opinion. The college was first founded by Episcopalian influence, and even richly endowed by Episcopalian liberality. On this account, we presume, it is that the president of the college is necessarily an Episcopalian, and hence the influence

exercised in behalf of those of this denomination. Whether unduly exercised or not, is the question:—if it is, it is sufficient to account for the present stagnation in the prospects of Columbia College. In a country like ours, there must be no religious, political, more than personal, impartialities, allowed to preponderate in any institution, the object of which is the public diffusion of knowledge and virtue, and the establishment of a lasting, extensive, and honourable reputation.

ART. III.—History of the Expedition to Russia, undertaken by the Emperor Napoleon, in the year 1812. By General Count PHILIP DE SEGUR. With a Map. (Continued.)

WHEN Napoleon reached the neighbourhood of Witepsk, and saw Barclay's army favourably posted on the opposite banks of the Luczissa, he exclaimed—"They are mine." Here, too, he was doomed to encounter a disappointment.

"Their determined countenance, in a strong position, and in front of a capital, deceived Napoleon; he conceived that they would regard it as a point of honour to maintain their ground. It was only eleven o'clock; he ordered the attack to cease, in order to have an opportunity of exploring the whole front of the line, and maturing a decisive battle for the next day. In the first instance, he proceeded to post himself on a rising ground, among the light troops, in the midst of whom he breakfasted. Thence he observed the enemy's army, one of whose bullets wounded an officer very near him. The subsequent hours he spent in traversing and reconnoitering the ground, and in waiting for the arrival of the other corps. Napoleon announced a battle for the following day. His parting words to Murat were these—"To-morrow, at five o'clock, the sun of Austerlitz!" They explain the cause of that suspension of hostilities in the middle of the day, in the midst of a success which filled the army with enthusiasm. They were astonished at this inactivity at the moment of overtaking an army, the pursuit of which had completely exhausted them. Murat, who had been daily deluded by a similar expectation, remarked to the Emperor that Barclay only made a demonstration of boldness at that hour, in order to be enabled, more tranquilly, to effect his retreat at night. Finding himself unable to convince his chief, he rashly proceeded to pitch his tent on the banks of Luczissa, almost in the midst of the enemy. It was a position which gratified his desire of hearing the first symptoms of their retreat, his intention of disturbing it, and his adventurous character.

"Murat was deceived, and yet he appeared to have been most clear-sighted; Napoleon was in the right, and yet the event placed him in the wrong; such are the freaks of fortune! The Emperor of the French had correctly appreciated the designs of Barclay. The Russian general, believing Bagration to be still near Orsha, had resolved upon fighting, in order to give him time to rejoin him. It

was the intelligence which he received that very evening, of the retreat of Bagration, by Novo-Bickof, towards Smolensk, which suddenly changed his determination.

"In fact, by day-break, on the 28th, Murat sent word to the Emperor that he was about to pursue the Russians, who had already disappeared. Napoleon still persisted in his opinion, obstinately affirming that the whole enemy's army was in front of him, and that it was necessary to advance with circumspection; this occasioned a considerable delay. At length he mounted his horse; every step he took destroyed his illusion; and he soon found himself in the midst of the camp which Barclay had deserted."

We would not have believed that the Russians were in such an excellent state of discipline, had not an enemy related it in the following impartial manner;

"Every thing about that camp exhibited the science of war; its advantageous site; the symmetry of all its parts; the exact and exclusive nicety in the use to which each of them had been applied; the order and neatness which thence resulted; in fine, nothing left behind, not one weapon, nor a single valuable; no trace, nothing in short, in this sudden nocturnal march, which could demonstrate, beyond the bounds of the camp, the route which the Russians had taken; there appeared more order in their defeat than in our victory. Though conquered, their flight left lessons by which conquerors never profit; whether it be that good fortune is contemptuous, or it waits for misfortune to correct it.

"A Russian soldier, who was surprised asleep, under a bush, was the solitary result of that day, which was expected to be so decisive."

At Smolensk, the ardour of the Russians promised to afford Napoleon another favourable opportunity for a battle, but the cold and calculating policy of Barclay, which, Count Segur informs us, had been adopted as far back as 1807, interfered and preserved the defending army.

"Napoleon, on reaching the height, beheld a cloud of dust enveloping long black columns, glistening with a multitude of arms: these masses approached so rapidly that they seemed to run. It was Barclay, Bagration, nearly 120,000 men, in short, the whole Russian army.

"Transported with joy at this sight, Napoleon clapped his hands, exclaiming, 'At last I have them!' There could be no doubt of it; this surprised army was hastening up to throw itself into Smolensk, to pass through it, to deploy under its walls, and, at length, to offer us that battle which was so ardently desired.—The moment that was to decide the fate of Russia had at last arrived.

"He immediately went through the whole line, and allotted to each his place. Davoust, and next to him Count Lobau, were to deploy on the right of Ney; the guard in the centre, as a reserve, and farther off the army of Italy. The place of Junot and the Westphalians was indicated

ed, but a false movement had carried them out of the way. Murat and Poniatowski formed the right of the army;—those two chiefs had already threatened the city: he made them draw back to the margin of a coppice, and leave vacant before them a spacious plain, extending from this wood to the Dnieper. It was a field of battle which he offered to the enemy. The French army, thus posted, had defiles and precipices at its back; but Napoleon concerned himself little about retreat; he thought only of victory."

Bagration and Barclay retreated from Smolensk, which, when Napoleon saw, he determined to continue the pursuit, notwithstanding the caution given him, even by the enthusiastic Murat.

"Murat, prudent, when not heated by the presence of the enemy, and who, with his cavalry, had nothing to do in an assault, disapproved of this resolution.

"To him, so violent an effort appeared useless, when the Russians were retiring of their own accord; and in regard to the plan of overtaking them, he observed that, 'Since they could not fight, we had followed them far enough, and it was high time to stop.'

"The Emperor replied: but the rest of their conversation was not overheard.—As, however, the King afterwards declared that—'he had thrown himself at the knees of his brother, and conjured him to stop, but that Napoleon saw nothing but Moscow; that honour, glory, rest, every thing for him was there; that this Moscow would be our ruin.' It was obvious what had been the cause of their disagreement.

"So much is certain, that when Murat was quitting his brother-in-law, his face wore the expression of deep chagrin; his motions were abrupt; a gloomy and concentrated vehemence agitated him; and the name of Moscow several times escaped his lips."

Smolensk was burnt, and the entrance of the French must have been a truly melancholy spectacle to themselves.

"About three in the morning one of Davoust's subalterns ventured to the foot of the wall, which he scaled without noise. Emboldened by the silence which reigned around him, he penetrated into the city; all at once, several voices in the Slavonian accent were heard, and the Frenchman, surprised and surrounded, thought that he had nothing to do but to sell his life dearly, or surrender. The first rays of the dawn, however, showed him, in those whom he mistook for his enemies, some of Poniatowski's Poles. They were the first to enter the city, which Barclay had just evacuated.

"After Smolensk had been reconnoitred, and its approaches cleared, the army entered the walls: it traversed the reeking and blood-stained ruin with its accustomed order, pomp, and martial music, triumphing over the deserted wreck, and having no other witness of its glory

but itself. A show without spectators, an almost fruitless victory, a melancholy glory, of which, the smoke that surrounded us, and seemed to be our only conquest, was but too faithful an emblem."

The sufferings of the army began already to develop themselves. The distance from home—the want of their ordinary comforts—the frightful aspect of the immense forests through which they were compelled to creep—the absence, too, perhaps, of an enemy to inspire to battle, or excite to hope for victory, depressed their mental energies, and yielded their bodies an easy prey to disease and death.

"The truth is, that wine first failed them, then beer, even spirits; and, lastly, they were reduced to water, which, in its turn, was frequently wanting. The same was the case with dry provisions, and also with every necessary of life; and in this gradual destitution, depression of mind kept pace with the successive debilitation of the body. Agitated by a vague inquietude, they marched on amid the dull uniformity of the vast and silent forests of dark pines. They crept along these large trees, bare and stripped to their very tops, and were affrighted at their weakness amid its immensity. They then conceived gloomy and absurd notions respecting the geography of these unknown regions; and, overcome by a secret horror, they hastened to penetrate farther into such vast deserts.

"From these sufferings, physical and moral; from these privations, from these continual bivouacs, as dangerous near the pole as under the equator; and from the infection of the air by the putrid carcasses of men and horses that strewed the roads, sprang two dreadful epidemics—the dysentery and the typhus fever. The Germans first felt their ravages; they are less nervous and less sober than the French; and they were less interested in a cause which they regarded as foreign to them. Out of 22,000 Bavarians who had crossed the Oder, 11,000 only reached the Duna; and yet they had never been in action. This military march cost the French one-fourth, and the allies one-half, of their army.

"Every morning the regiments started in order from their bivouacs; but scarcely had they proceeded a few steps, before their widening ranks became lengthened out into small and broken files; the weakest, being unable to follow, dropped behind; these unfortunate wretches beheld their comrades and their eagles getting farther and farther from them, and then sunk disheartened. The roads and the margins of the woods were studded with them: some were seen plucking the ears of rye to devour the grain; and they would then attempt, frequently in vain, to reach the hospital, or the nearest village. Great numbers perished."

Passing over some horrible details, in relation to the state of the sick and wounded in battle, after the victory of Valoutina, we come to an interesting scene in

which Napoleon was first led to know the extent of evils he was contending with;

"The same day, the courageous answers of a pope, the only one found in Smolensk, enlightened him still more in regard to the blind fury which had been excited in the whole Russian nation.—His interpreter, alarmed by this animosity, conducted the pope to the Emperor. The venerable priest first reproached him, with firmness, for his alleged sacrilegious acts: he knew not that it was the Russian general himself who had caused the storehouses and churches to be set on fire; and accused us of these outrages, in order that the mercantile class and the peasantry might not separate their cause from that of the nobility.

"The Emperor listened attentively.—'But,' said he to him at last, 'has your church been burned?' 'No, sire,' replied the pope: 'God will be more powerful than you; he will protect it, for I have opened it to all the unfortunate people whom the destruction of the city has deprived of a home.' 'You are right,' rejoined Napoleon, with emotion, 'yes, God will watch over the innocent victims of war; he will reward you for your courage. Go, worthy priest, return to your post. Had all your popes followed your example, they had not basely betrayed the mission of peace which they received from heaven; if they had not abandoned the temples which their presence alone renders sacred, my soldiers would have spared your holy edifices; for we are all Christians, and your God is our God.'

"With these words, Napoleon sent back the priest to his temple with an escort and a succour. A heart-rending shriek arose at the sight of the soldiers penetrating into this asylum. A crowd of terrified women and children thronged about the altar; but the pope, raising his voice, cried—'be of good cheer; I have seen Napoleon, I have spoken to him.—Oh! how have we been deceived, my children! the Emperor of France is not the man that he has been represented to you. Learn that he and his soldiers worship the same God as we do. The war which he wages is not religious; it is a political quarrel with our Emperor. His soldiers fight only our soldiers. They do not slaughter, as we have been assured, old men, women, and children.—Cheer, up then, and let us thank God for being relieved from the painful duty of hating them as heathens, impious wretches, and incendiaries!' The pope then commenced a hymn of thanks, in which they all joined with tears.

"But these same words demonstrated how much the nation had been deceived. The rest of the inhabitants had fled.—Henceforward, then, it was not their army alone, it was the population, it was all Russia that fled before us. The Emperor felt that, with this population, one of his most powerful engines of conquest was escaping from his hands."

SELECTIONS.

From the European Magazine.

THE QUIET MAN.

A WATERING PLACE RECOLLECTION.

ONE of the most enviable characters that I ever remember to have met with was a man considerably turned of fifty, with reserved (some said stupid) manners, a very narrow income, a very moderate understanding, few friends, and no relations. Those who wish to know the secret of his happiness need only turn to Mrs. Grenville's beautiful *Petition for Indifference*, and to suppose that the said petition had been granted and fulfilled to the very letter in his fortunate person; nothing exhilarated, nothing depressed him; the rise and fall of stocks or of the weather, those two standard causes of an Englishman's variations of humour, never produced the least effect on his temper or his spirits; he bore the presence of disagreeable people with patience, and the absence of agreeable ones with fortitude; he never gave an opinion of his own respecting the qualities, good or bad, of his associates, and never joined in the opinions of others with an air expressing any thing but the most perfect indifference on the subject; in short, he was a practical exemplification of the lines—

"Not to admire is all the art I know,

"To make men happy, and to keep them so."

I met with him at the fashionable watering place of C—, where he had resided for the last seven years, and when I beheld his methodical employments, his aversion to public walks, and his abstinence from every kind of amusement, I rather wondered at his selection of so crowded a place for a residence; but my wonder was not of long duration. Among his qualities was an utter reserve respecting every event of his former life, pursuits, or habitation, which I never saw equalled in any other human being. He had dropt into C— as from a cloud, and the most dexterous hinter, the most skillful cross-questioner could never extract a word alluding to any previous state of existence; this excited some discontent and surprise even in C—, but the auction, the assembly room, and the libraries soon drew off the attention of the curious impertinents, and furnished them with more diverting matter of cogitation. Such would not have been the case in a country village; the inhabitants, gentle and simple, would have had nothing to do but to scrutinize the mystery that enveloped him; the lovers of poetry would have exalted him into *Lara*, the novel-readers fancied him a *St. Leon*, (they would not, however, have accused him of possessing the philosopher's stone,) and the common people, probably, like *Scrub*, would have converted him into a spy and a jesuit; he was quite right not to settle in a village; he would certainly have been soon forced either to explain or to absent himself.

I do not suspect him of studying stage effect, but undoubtedly a watering place was the scene of all others where his quiet immovable tranquillity appeared to the greatest advantage; in the midst of glare, bustle, and excitement, he was placid, serene, and undisturbed; and he looked on the hopes, and fears, and pursuits of the crowd around him, with the same air of passive indifference as the exhibitor of a camera obscura gazes on the magic tablet which day after day presents the same surrounding objects to his sight; yet his apathy was equally free from melancholy or misanthropy; I never saw him out of spirits. I do not think his mental thermometer ever varied a degree above or below temperate since my first acquaintance with him; it is saying but little to add that I never saw him out of temper; he had not even the slightest degree of testiness and particularity generally permitted by courtesy to an old bachelor. He resembled that privileged being in some points, in always walking at a certain hour, and for a stated time, in his love of backgammon, and his fondness for a rubber of sixpenny whist; but if disappointed or impeded in these pursuits, the resemblance instantly ceased,—the sky might pour down in torrents of rain, backgammon players might fail in their appointments, and rubbers might be made up without him, but all could not affect his temper; he was quiet, composed, and contented as ever. Many affected to pity him for this insensibility to pleasure and pain; many things meant to be very wise and witty were said about "mere vegetation," and "moving statues," and "Maillardet's automations;" but even those who pretended to commiserate his apathy secretly coveted it. How often have I seen the lover, who, encircled by a hundred beauties, was miserable at the neglect of one, look with envy on him who was equally indifferent to the charms of the hundred or of the one; how has the epicure, discontented and murmuring in the midst of three courses, wished that he could boast that happy want of taste which induced him always to choose the plainest viands at table, and to abstain from every thing bearing the name of a delicacy, unless it were actually forced on him by some officious hand, when he would quietly accept it, because acceptance cost less trouble than refusal; how has the fashionable spendthrift, poor and needy with five thousand a year, because his ideas and pursuits required ten, sighed for the riches of him who kept his expenses within his income, and therefore never knew the necessity of retrenching them; he had the true secret of happiness, moderate wants, wishes, and tastes, and disappointment was unable to wound him, because he took care never to entertain hope. I derived much pleasure from admiring and studying his character, but I was hurt at the impossibility I found of making people in general admire him so much as I did myself; what I called philosophy, they persisted in de-

nominating stupidity; that apparent mastery of the feelings, which I conceived could only have been produced by resolute schooling and vigilant self-control, they contended was the mere result of having no feelings at all. I considered his gravity and dislike of dissipation as a proof of understanding; they defied me to mention one good thing I had ever heard him say; and although in general I have a tolerable recollection, and pretty apt powers of quotation, I am ashamed to confess that on that occasion both memory and quotation most unaccountably deserted me. All this was very irritating—to think that I might perhaps have been exalting one of the mere herd of dullards into a philosopher,—that I might have invested a common every-day character with dignity and consequence, like *Don Quixotte*, mistaking an innkeeper for the governor of a castle—the mere possibility was inexpressibly mortifying; however, I did not yield to the point, but entrenched myself in a magnanimous adherence to my own opinion, whether right or wrong. I contended that my favourite had excellent abilities, but that (probably from having felt the evils and troubles of genius) he wisely sequestered them from vulgar scrutiny: I am something of a physiognomist; I had always considered there was a very peculiar appearance about his eyes. Nature had made them large, dark, clear, and brilliant, but he had so marvelously contrived to divest them of the least particle of expression, that I am convinced they might have contended the palm of vacancy with the most inanimate gray eyes in C— without any danger of defeat; now I ingeniously concluded that he had managed to disguise his understanding as completely as his eyes, and that in each case he was equally successful. I had another argument in behalf of his self-command. He excelled in one acquirement, in the game of whist. I had been informed, "from the first authority," as the newspapers say, that he was really an admirable player, one whom Captain Matthews himself might have coveted as a partner, or dreaded as an opponent; but cards, which try the temper of every body else, only served to display the equanimity of his; he was contented to play or to set out, always ready to resign his seat to another, and neither bad cards or bad partners, blunders or revokes, ill-humour or impertinence, or any of the other amiable et ceteras which usually flit about a card table in rapid succession, ever had the least effect upon him, he preserved his silence, science, and patience in the midst of all. Now, I argued that if he could thus serenely bear with ignorance and annoyance in a thing which he so plainly excelled in, it was only candid to conclude that his patience with the follies and mistakes of the crowd, in matters of literature and general information, might arise not from congenial stupidity, but from an elevation of mind, that enabled him to look down on their blunders "rather in sorrow

than in anger." I had heard that he retired early to rest, and rose late in the morning; I had no doubt that he indemnified himself in these hours for his apparent abstinence from books. I had certainly never seen any volume in his hand but the C— Guide, or any newspaper but the C— Chronicle; but study is always best pursued in private, and if he wished to keep his love of literature a secret, he acted wisely in not giving the least clue to suspicion. I was soon, however, compelled to relinquish this flattering hope; for one day when I happened to be staying in the same house with him, on returning into the drawing room after dressing for dinner, I found him alone in the identical position in which I had left him half an hour ago, with the *Bride of Lammermuir* on a sofa opposite to him, the *Pirate* on a table before him, and himself with the tiresome everlasting C— Chronicle in his hand, which I had seen him poring over for two hours after breakfast, and every advertisement, of which he must, or ought to have known by heart.

I must acknowledge that at this moment contempt for the first time began to mingle with my sensations of admiration: I thought it was possible to be too quiet, too indifferent, too insensible. Soon, however, cooler and more rational thoughts returned; if he had delighted in those dear works like myself and the rest of my readers, could he have preserved his enviable equanimity of temper? Must he not have felt emotions of peevishness towards a disobliging librarian, and gratitude towards a kind one, and anger against a slow reader, and indignation at a cold-hearted critic? Certainly if tranquillity of mind and spirit be worth attaining, we ought not to lavish too much love on any thing, especially on a tale of Walter Scott's, for in such a case moderation is an absolute impossibility; "love wisely, not too well," may do admirably for an aphorism, but acting up to it is quite out of the question. To leave Walter Scott, however, and to return to a very different personage, the hero of my narration—I have just mentioned that his visible literary labours were bounded by the C— Guide and Chronicle: this was one of the many proofs of his entire and exclusive devotion to C—; many persons, especially of his age and habits, are exceedingly fond, in whatever place and society they are fixed, of boasting of the far superior places and society which they formerly enjoyed: this instance of vulgarity and bad taste he was entirely free from. I never heard him allude to a single event of his early life; the waters of the C— Spa seemed to have the same effect on him as if he had swallowed a draught of Sadak's Fountain of Oblivion. Scotland, Ireland, Wales, even London itself, were talked of in his presence without the slightest symptom of recognition on his part; the Soho Bazaar, the Burlington Arcade, the Calton Hill, the Gi-

ant's Causeway, the Tuileries at Paris, and the Carnival at Venice, none excited a question, an observation, or even a look of interest. I was very angry once with a gentleman who said of him that "he was a man who appeared to have gone through life with an idea and a half;" and still more so with another wicked wit, who retorted that he supposed the "idea" was concentrated in the town of C—, but that he was at a loss to conjecture what the "half" could be. But in the words of Pope's Parish Clerk, "Verily, these were sayings of men delighting in their own conceits more than in the truth," and I do not know why I mention them, except that my natural sincerity and love of justice inclines me to favour the reader with something more than an *ex parte* statement. In the course of an acquaintance of eighteen months, which in the unrestrained freedom of watering-place intercourse, is equal to one of eighteen years any where else, I never saw but two instances in which the enviable clock-work machinery of his mind was in the slightest degree disorganized; these I must confess gave me great pleasure; they were so "few and far between," that they did not at all affect the general bearing of his character for equanimity, and they served me for a constant answer to the impertinent beings I have before alluded to, who said that all his sensations were so completely frozen up, that they must be as insensible to the trials of life, as the limbs of a Greenland fisherman to the touch of the harpoon.

One of these ebullitions of feeling was at the time when all the world were arguing and debating the chances for and against the reduction of the interest of the Navy Fives; a lady in company, who had just sold out two thousand pounds from that suspicious stock, for the purpose of building a house, warmly declared her persuasion that the reduction was on the point of taking place; when, contrary to his usual habits of reserve and taciturnity, and to his invariable rule of never contradicting any body, he vehemently and strongly protested that it was a measure which would be unfair, unjust, impossible—in short, spoke just like any one else who was personally interested in the subject. This proved satisfactorily that his money was in the Navy Fives, and it still more satisfactorily proved that he was yet alive to something of human feeling: certainly money was a very ignoble cause of excitation, but then the poet says,—

"Streams in deserts found seem sweet,
All brackish though they be."

And excitation was so rare with him, that his friends could not afford to be particular respecting the quality of it. The second instance of animation was about ten months after the first. It was mentioned in his hearing, that a lady, much and deservedly disliked by all who had the misfortune of her acquaintance was on the point of leaving London to return

to C—, and he exclaimed, "Mrs. H— coming back to C—!" in a tone that I shall not easily forget; it was thoroughly different from his usual monotony of voice; it was hurried, palpitating, apprehensive: there was real intonation and expression in it; it said as plainly as if it had been delivered by Charles Kemble or Macready, that if Mrs. H— did come, she would come to his very great annoyance; no subsequent question, however, could induce him to give an opinion about her; he was instantly on his guard again—quiet, uninterested, and indifferent. When I quitted C— I was really sorry to part from him, not on account of his agreeable, but of his original qualities; there was not another person in C— of whom I did not feel assured I should meet with the duplicate at Bath, where I was going; but I could not hope to meet with any one resembling him, "none but himself could be his parallel." My grief, I am sorry to confess, seemed to excite no corresponding sensation in his mind: sorry, did I say? I hope I am not so selfish—I would not have wished the "keeping" of his character destroyed for the sake of any gratification to my own vanity; three ebullitions of mortal feeling in a year and a half, would have been too much! I am glad I was not the cause of any such unnecessary waste of sensibility. I trust that in three days he thoroughly forgot the existence of such a being as myself, and I feel little doubt that such was really the case, for in fifty other similar instances, I have observed how completely he verified Mrs. Malaprop's assertion, that "forgetting is the easiest thing in the world, if people only choose to set properly about it." I have never seen him since the period I have just alluded to; but I have often heard from others, that he still "keeps the noiseless tenor of his way" amidst the noise and bustle of C—; and there he will probably remain for forty or fifty years longer, for I know no one more likely to turn the corner of a century; there is no jarring of passions, no wear and tear of feelings, nothing to exhaust or corrode the machinery of life. There he may now be found, a natural curiosity, worthy the attention of all, as an example of unruffled, unbroken serenity; he reminds the beholder of Rasselas in the Happy Valley, before he was seized with the inclination to stray from it: and earnestly do I wish that some future beholder may be more fortunate than myself in penetrating into the mystery of his past life, and may kindly acquaint the public whether it was the loss of his friends, his wits, his fortune, or the lady of his love, that rendered him a quiet fixture at C—, and gave him in exchange a gift more valuable than any or all of them—the gift of tranquil, unvaried peace of mind!

Love or friendship, treated with rudeness, must necessarily be converted into disgust and disdain.

BROTHER JONATHAN; or, *The New-Englanders*. 3 vols. post 8vo. 1825.

The following review of the above work is copied from the *London Literary Gazette*; the remarks by the reviewer are liberal and pertinent.

AMERICA has hitherto had little or no originality in her literature; or, to speak more properly, she had done nothing but copy. Unlike other nations, she had not worked up her way gradually, from barbarism to civilization: she had no religion, no manners, and, above all, no language, essentially her own. Peopled chiefly by the fanatic, the adventurer, and the criminal, bringing with them the usages and tongue of their mother land—exposed alike to want and danger—literally forced to live by the sweat of their brow; the farmer, the husbandman, and the woodsman, had little time, and less inclination, for literary pursuits: imagination and manual industry are rarely companions; and even where exertion was followed by ease, and there was space and leisure for the powers of the mind, it was not America, but England, which became their arena; it was beyond the seas they looked for success and reward. But the revolution changed all this; there was a new impulse given to the minds of men; and energies were called forth which, like silver in the mountain, had lain hidden and unthought of, till the heavy torrents washed away the clay above, and displayed the treasure visible. The war ended in triumph on their side; they had gained national importance; they knew their own power, and they sat down in peace to cultivate that spirit and that mind, which, for the first time, they felt they possessed, and possessed as their own. Still, however, the period succeeding that of revolution, is seldom a period of literary exertion; the mind and body, alike exhausted by the struggle, require rest; new and striking ideas are almost feared—they seem those bye-paths of innovation which lead to the high-road of revolution, yet too recent to be viewed without terror, its benefits being less striking than its sufferings—for when was the thought of the present like the memory of the past?—The deluge has passed, and, like most deluges, has, probably, left a rich and fertile soil, which needs only to be cultivated to yield a glorious harvest; but, as yet, it is almost in a few of her novels alone, that America has shown any thing like originality of talent. The one before us is what an American novel should be: American in its scene, actors, and plot; curious as a picture of language and manners;—and interesting as a tale of deep passion, and belonging to a very striking period of the world's history. There is much of power and much of interest in these volumes, though the tale is too long and involved for even a sketch of it here; but we shall make some extracts to show the author's style in description of manners, character, scenery, &c.

Speaking of the customs of the New-Englanders:—

'They have, together with certain public, religious, and political celebrations, or festivals there, some of a nature between those of the fire-side and those of the world; neither private nor public. There are three which now occur to us;—the Husking, the Raising, and the Quilting.

'The Husking, which prevails throughout New-England only, is brought about in this way. After the maize, or Indian wheat is gathered into the barn, the farmer to whom it belongs, puts a good face on the matter; sends round among all his neighbours; and gives them notice, that he is ready to "shell out;" or, in other words, to undergo a husking. The meaning of which message is, that as he cannot help himself, on such, or such a night, he will permit all the 'fellers' and 'gals' to tumble and roll about in his barn all night long, if they please; eat his pumpkin-pies, drink his cider, and waste his apples, under pretence of husking corn.

'When the practice began, it was an act of neighbourly kindness; a piece of downright labour, done for nothing. It is now a wicked and a foolish frolic, at another man's expense. Then, it was a favour, which the owner of the corn went about asking of others; it is now a heavy tax, which he would escape if he could. That which they are wanted for, is—to tear off the long green coats from the ear, leaving two or three, in some cases, where by a large number of ears, when they are stripped, may be braided strongly together. That which they do, is quite another affair. Instead of husking the corn, they husk the owner; trample on the product of toil; and push one another about, sometimes, to the squalling of a bad fiddle.

'The Raising—a word of that here, it will save time by and by. The people of New-England live in frame houses. The frame of any building, any where, in town or country, being ready, the public pour in from all sides; and for a mouthful of bread and cheese, or a bit of mince-pie, and a 'twig o' cider' a piece, put up the frame for the owner, in a frolic.

'So too—and here we come back to the story again—so too, whenever a young she-yankee is 'laying out' for a husband, she gives what is there called a 'Quilting Frolic.' The women gather about her, and, for a cup of tea a piece, or some such matter, 'turn out' a handsome bed-quilt for her, sometimes in a single afternoon."

Sketch of an Indian, called the Bald Eagle.

HE was from one of the southern tribes—the warrior Creeks—the brown Appollos of the wilderness. He had been taken captive, when a youth, by a hunting party of the Mohawks—the most formidable of the northern tribes; the terror, in fact—such was their warlike temper; their fierce, adventurous, unappeasable appetite for dominion; the terror, alike, of every body—white and red—all over North America. He had run the gauntlet, with six other captives. Four of them sunk, under the blows; two falter-

ed on the way, but he ran it, without flinching or failing—perhaps without winking—at a speed, and with a sort of audacious valour, that amazed the enemy. He was adopted by a Mohawk woman; a mother, whose only child had been cut off by the relations of Eagle.

Our Eagle was rather small—not more than five feet six, or seven; but straight as an arrow. His carriage was that of the indolent young Creek, as we see it in statuary; the head, rather forward; arms free; toes turned in. Such was the general bearing of Bald Eagle; but, in council, or on coming near a white man of authority, he would uprear himself, to his topmost elevation, as if measuring stature with all about him.

His common pace, when he had any object in view, was a kind of loose, long, lazy trot—like that of a wolf, through a light snow. Wherefore, it is called, in America, the Indian 'loup.' It is a step, nevertheless, with which a North American savage will go, day after day, at the rate of about five miles an hour.

At the age of two-and-forty, there was not a wrinkle to be found in the face of Bald Eagle. Nor was there any appearance of muscle or sinew, in his frame. His whole body was round, smooth, and effeminate. His limbs were daintily made; the joints finely articulated; and his feet, remarkably small. And yet—fashioned so delicately—built up so slightly—there was no man able to stand before him at a wrestling match.

His general behaviour was that of a loitering, weak, indolent, peaceable creature, whom any body might overlook, or affront, with safety. But, once fully awake, there was no lulling, or appeasing the miraculous instinct of the savage. He was capable of enduring incredible fatigue; and was called by the southern tribes—to whom he went repeatedly, as a messenger, from the northern Arkapoo-roo—the spirit; or, literally, the man without a body—'ALL HEART.' His little keen, sharp, shining eyes, were like those of the large black snake—the boa-constrictor of North America; his cheek bones were high; his forehead, low, narrow and flat—or square; mouth handsome, broad, and expressive; teeth uncommonly large—of a startling whiteness, when abruptly, or unexpectedly disclosed; nostrils, wide and vigorous; nose, rather flat; hair coarse, black and shining, like the mane of a young stallion, roughened, if you will, in the blaze and smoke of battle—or scorched, by unholy fires. It was carefully parted, from the middle of his head—all the way over—and hung behind, somewhat after the fashion of the squaws, in a large, heavy club.

No man shot so true an arrow as Bald Eagle; and few hurled such a deadly tomahawk. He 'swum' like a frog—he ran, like a deer—he clumb, like a squirrel—and jumped like a catamount—so said all the whites.

See him when, or where you might, unless in the hunting season, or at a time

of war; and he was always idling about, before somebody's great kitchen fire, half asleep; or under some great, old, overgrown tree; twisting the tendons of a newly slain deer, for his bow; or splitting them into threads; polishing white bone fish-hooks and arrow heads; playing checkers, or staining strips of ash and willow, for basket work; feathering arrows, or working coloured beads, and brilliantly dyed porcupine quills, into his bullet-pouch, mocasins, or belt.

His carriage, dress, and appearance—were pretty much of a piece, at all times, under all circumstances—winter and summer. If he were not lying before the fire, with his dog, or underneath a tree, he would be lounging about, with a negligent, graceful swing of his whole body; surrounded by a troop of children; a large, loose, dirty blanket, falling off, or quite ready to fall off, at every step, from his fine, square shoulders; yet, so disposed, nevertheless, with a slovenly, brave air, as to show a scarlet uniform underneath, encumbered with absurd ornaments, large plates of silver—rough medals—wampum—a knife—and a pipe or two—all ringing and rattling together, at every motion of his body.

It was amusing enough to see how patiently, how unconcernedly, he would bear the impertinent, annoying, examination of the white people. No matter what was done, or offered; especially by the children; they might strip him naked, or turn him inside out, in a good-natured way—it was all the same to our savage, if they would 'only let him rifle be.'

FEMALE CHARACTER.

Neatness and taste are peculiarly ornamental to the female character. In a female, particularly, they well deserve the name of virtues; for, without them, whatever may be her excellencies, she has none that will be honoured and acknowledged. A woman may be industrious and economical; she may possess a well-cultivated and richly furnished mind, but, destitute of neatness and taste, she depresses rather than elevates the character of her sex—and poisons, instead of purifying the fountain of domestic and public happiness.

* * * * *

You may discover a neatness and taste in the very mind of a praiseworthy woman, be her condition in life ever so humble. You shall see them interwoven with her thoughts, expressions, and conduct, and giving a cast to every thing she has, and every thing she does. Her manners will partake largely of those excellent qualities, and in every respect be the emanation of a neat and polished mind, and a well cultivated and benevolent heart.—Equally removed from the affectation of softness, which is disgusting and nauseous, and that intrepidity which sets at defiance the maxims of ordinary discretion; they will be modest, pleasing, and dignified, the natural and unstudied expression of that cautious delicacy, which is the best

guardian of female reputation. Her dress should obviously accord with the same mental cultivation and refinement. Comfort, neatness, and taste, ought always to distinguish it. Dr. Spring.

ANECDOTES.

"Recollections of the eventful life of a Soldier."

A Curious Recipe for the Ague.

GENERAL Sir John Hope happened to pay a visit to the hospital, and going round the sick with the staff-surgeon, he inquired, 'What was the prevailing disease?'—the reply was, 'Fever and ague.' Sir John, whose kind and humane disposition is well known, mentioned that he had heard of a cure for that disease among the old women in Scotland, which was considered infallible. The staff-surgeon smiled, and begged to hear what it was. 'It is,' said the good old general, 'simply a large pill formed of spider's web, to be swallowed when the fit is coming on; I cannot pledge myself for its efficacy, but I have heard it much talked of.' The staff-doctor gave a shrug, as much as to say it was all nonsense, looked very wise, as all doctors endeavour to do, and the conversation dropped. I had been listening eagerly to the conversation, and no sooner was the general gone, than I set out in quest of the specific. I did not need to travel far, and returned to my own room prepared for the next fit; when I felt it coming on, I swallowed the dose with the greatest confidence in its virtues, and, however strange it may appear, or hard to be accounted for, I never had a fit of the ague after, but got well rapidly.

* * * * *

The day that we entered this village, [Hasparin,] one of our men cut off his right hand, under circumstances that may be worth relating.

For some time previous to this he had been low in spirits, troubled with what some people call religious melancholy, but which, at that time, was no very prevalent disease in the army. He scarcely ever spoke to any one, and was in the habit of wandering out from the encampment, with his bible in his pocket; and seating himself in some place where he was not likely to be disturbed, he would sit for hours poring over it. While in Ustaritz, he conceived some ill-will against the landlord of the house where he was quartered, and very unceremoniously knocked him down. Being confined for this offence, he remained a prisoner when he entered Hasparin. On the guard being placed in a house, he sat down, and having taken out his bible, he commenced in his usual way to read it. But suddenly rising, he laid the book down, and going over to a man who was breaking wood with a hatchet, he asked the loan of it for a few minutes. When the man gave it to him, he walked very deliberately into an inner apartment, and placing his right hand on the sill of the window, he severed it at the wrist. The two first strokes that he made did not fi-

nish the business, and he had nerve sufficiently, not only to repeat it a third time, but afterwards to wrench the lacerated integuments asunder, and throw the hand into the court below. He had been observed by some of the men in a window opposite, but too late to prevent the deed.

The man, on being questioned as to his motive in thus mutilating himself, replied, 'That he had only done what the Lord commanded, in a passage he had been reading—"If thy right hand offend thee, cut it off and cast it from thee, &c." Which injunction he had literally fulfilled, as his right hand offended him by knocking down his landlord.'

SCRAPS.

Collins.—The true lyric strain and higher poetical qualities of Collins obtained no notice. It is a fact which ought never to be forgotten by those who would know what is the worth of contemporary opinion, when left to itself, that Collins' odes remained for many years after their publication, utterly neglected, and almost unknown: so much that when the poet acquired a small fortune by bequest, he returned the bookseller the sum which he had received for the copy-right—repaid him all his expenses, and committed the large remains of the impression to the flames. It was not till nearly thirty years after his death, that Cowper had ever heard his name. He saw it first in Johnson's *Lives of the Poets*, and was so little impressed with what he saw there, that he called him a poet of no great fame, and appears not to have formed the slightest conception of his powers.

Friendship.—When I see leaves drop from the trees in the beginning of Autumn, just such, thinks I, is the friendship of the world. While the sap of the maintenance lasts, my friends swarm in abundance, but in the winter of my need they leave me naked. He is a happy man that hath a true friend in his need—but he is more truly happy that hath no need of his friend.

China.—M. Trakowski, one of the principal members of the Oriental department of the ministry for foreign affairs at St. Petersburg, having been employed in the years 1820 and 1821 to conduct from Kiachta to Peking the Russian ecclesiastical mission sent to the great monastery which Russia has at Peking, and to bring from Peking to Kiachta the priests who were leaving the latter place, kept an exact journal of his travels, full of historical, geographical, and statistical notes, which, illustrated by maps and plates, he has recently published, in two volumes. It is a work which contains an abundance of curious and interesting matter.

Talents.—Superior talents, it seems, give no security for propriety of conduct: on the contrary, having a natural tendency to noisish pride, they often betray the possessor into such mistakes as men more moderately gifted never commit. Ability, therefore, is not wisdom; and an ounce of grace is a better guard against gross absurdity than the brightest talents in the world.

The Slow Barber.—From Martial.

So slow you do your work, you lazy knave,
Another beard will grow while this you shave!

ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

EVENTS OF A TEA-PARTY.

"Man pleases not me, nor woman neither."

It is an unfortunate trait in the character of many individuals, that they can never be pleased. Not all the allurements of pleasure, the blandishments of flattery, the seductive charms of beauty, or the attraction of social sympathy or friendship, can ever draw forth a smile from the gloomy countenances, or impart an hour's contentment to the callous hearts of these surly children of discontent. Such an one am I. Selfish in my disposition to an extreme, and dead to all the genial and soothing influences which humanise and entender more susceptible minds, I will scarcely confess to myself that any extraneous object is capable of affording me any gratification. Hence it is that I am inclined to censoriousness, and that I frequently assume a certain moroseness of temper which does not render my presence at all times and in all places the most agreeable, and which, I verily fear, would procure my banishment from all society, but that I am possessed of a certain income and own a pretty estate, which is altogether at my own disposal when I cease from troubling. These advantages, and perhaps a general regard cherished for the memory of my departed parents, whose manners and dispositions were no less amiable and benevolent than mine are austere and unsocial, secure me an occasional invitation to the houses of my relations, especially when it is their object to have a crowded levee or fashionable rout. The only return I ever make to those who thus drag me from my obscurity is to comment on their follies or laugh at their weaknesses, and as some of these comments may not be uninteresting to the readers of this instructive miscellany, I propose at once to vent my spleen and make myself useful by relating at times the result of my experience and the fruits of my solitary meditation. I cannot withhold from myself the acknowledgment, that I may thus make myself a useful, although I am debarred from being an agreeable, member of the community.

On returning to my rooms last evening, I found a billet on my desk, with gilt edges, from my cousin's in — street, containing a very polite invitation to spend the evening with them. "Poor, deluded girls!" said I, "another speculation must be on foot;—some *stranger* must have arrived; handsome, rich, in short, a look out; well, I'll go, and see what's doing." About eight, I went, according to my invitation, neat and trim dressed as a beau, ascended to the head of the room and made a bow to the old lady—another to the right, and a third to the left, and took my seat. Fortunately for me I was shaded by a projection of the chimney-piece, so that I could better see than be seen. The room was filled with fashionable company. Six large spermaceti can-

dles graced the mantle-piece, and four candelabras, well lighted, were supported on a stand in a recess of the room. What a critical, scrutinising, calculating cynic I am! I instantly forgot every other purpose but that of counting the probable sums which my cousins were expending. In doing this, I beg you, gentle reader, do not think that there is to be any reversion in my favour, or in that of my children, in case of the probable death of one of these fair cousins. No: they are *young, healthy*, descended from *long-lived* ancestors, and—*poor*. At this stage of my reflections I was interrupted by the entrance of one of my fair relatives; and here, after a moment's involuntary offering, in my mind's eye, to her personal charms, I found choice and fresh incentive to my niggardly surmises! Flounces upon flounces trebling the price of the original gown, belts of many colours encircling the tapering, slender waist, and bound by a sparkling clasp in front. Oh! I forgot the beauty of the waist, as I had just overlooked the pretty ankle and the small foot!—and then the lace around her snow white bosom, and the necklace too!—'twas all in all to me. I glanced coldly on her coal-black eye, whose bend could tame a savage soul, aye, and the raven locks of her long dark hair—all were lost to me, when above towered a head-dress of brilliant hue and costly price, and still above the backbone of a huge and monstrous comb, the price of which would have given me—board and lodging for a week, at Billy Niblo's. A fair lady now disturbed my selfish reverie, and aroused my attention, for a moment, to what was due to those around me. We talked of a variety of subjects on literature and politics, and I was about being deeply interested in some remarks which she had begun upon the importance of fugitive essays in a Magazine; by-the-by, I believe she has a hankering that way, and I would advise Mr. Bond to secure her as a writer, though, heaven forbid! I should dye her blue! when in came Blacky with a spacious waiter, bearing on its ample surface cups of coffee and tea, the smoke from which barely dimmed the lustre of a large silver teapot, flanked by sugar-dish and milk-pot of the same metal. I sighed, as my thoughts roved to the sad condition of the poor mechanic from whom their plate had been *taken*, "certainly not bought," quoth I. But for once my fears were allayed: as the splendid chargers were brought by the sooty Ganymede near to my person, I recognized the coat of arms of Simon the broker. Well, well, this is not quite so bad. Next came a maypole girl of twenty, with a second waiter. There was profusion!—I thought the shops of Poppleton and Jones had been transferred to my cousins' apartments with all their contents. Plumb-cake, and queens-cake, and pound-cake, and sponge-cake, and in short, every cake on which the imagination of a bon vivant could dwell with rapture, and his palate feast with ecstasy. This was but a beginning, however—a

mere promise of what was still behind.—Not Tom Moore, in his description of the Feast of the Veiled Prophet, nor Jemmy Thompson, in his Castle of Indolence, had so charmed my conception of sensual bliss, as my fair cousins, by their real exhibition of ices, blanc manges, floating islands, cordials, and wines, and lemonades, aroused my avariciously inclined soul to deprecate their extravagance and luxury. Do not think, however, that I carried my morose disposition so far as not to partake of the goodly cheer. No—I condemned, but like my neighbours I feasted on another's folly—and to such a degree that I was fain to take my friend Dr. Le Cœur's advice, and drench with large draughts of Chamomile tea the next morning. But to return to my cousins—thought I, to what will it tend? what game is to be played off? This recalled me to one of the objects I had in view in visiting the scene before me. I turned to my cousin Leonora, and asked her who that gentleman was, sitting next to her sister Polly? "Why," said she, "don't you know that is Mr. Fiddlestrings from the South? He is a very rich young man, and, they say, he is going to be married in New-York—don't you think him very handsome?—oh! he is beautiful!" I had scarcely time to utter a reply, when this very *handsome rich* stranger arose—pleaded the most urgent business and his early departure from town the next morning in excuse for his going. "But you will return to spend some time with us?" "No, madam; from the Springs I go to Boston, and thence to Europe." Here was doleful news indeed! I thought now my poor cousins would burst their big hearts with crying—oh! the monster—was it for this we gave a party—spent all the money we could muster, and a little more which we borrowed—is it for this?—oh! oh! oh!—Dearly they pay for it poor girls. I left them, thinking with Goldsmith,

"How beggar pride defrauds her daily cheer
"To boast a splendid banquet!"

DIOGENES THE CYNIC.

Indigence and obscurity are the parents of industry and economy: these of riches and honour: these of pride and luxury: these of sensuality and idleness: and these of indigence and obscurity. Such are the revolutions of life.

Nothing is so apt to inflame passion as hopes and fears: a young woman of a calm temper and modest deportment is less apt to attract lovers than one who is changeable and coquetish: a man of sense and gravity is less apt to succeed with a fine woman, than the gay, the giddy, the fluttering coxcomb.

Of our short lives, how short a space do we live. The temper that leads to put great weight upon trifles, and consequently to raise great trouble and vexation out of nothing, is the chief ingredient of that bitter mixture which makes life unhappy.

For the American Athenæum.

THE ITINERANT—No. VII.

Mark the sable woods

That shade sublime yon mountain's nodding brow.

Pleas. Imag. book 111.

THE unusual heat of the weather having put my ideas somewhat out of tune, I left the dreary precincts of my wintry garret for the enjoyment of a more genial sun, and sweeter air, than could be procured in this discordant population. I should have preferred travelling in the steam-boat, but my calico coat and old-fashioned chapeau-de-bras would have been, at best, an indifferent passport into the society there met with, even had I been possessed of the *quantum sufficit* wherewithall to pay my passage. Bundling my small wardrobe, therefore, in my handkerchief, I walked leisurely on board a sloop, bound for Newburgh, which, speedily hoisting her sail, we proceeded with a brisk breeze to our destination.

I am too old a man to give descriptions of scenes, which, though ever remaining the same, yet, form the subjects of new accounts and travels, every succeeding year. No, my days of dalliance are past, for all but imagination—to her I give full scope; she may do with me what she will; I shall always be her adorer; in all my poverty I am privileged to imagine myself independent—and who is more so than he who, wanting for nothing, is satisfied with that which the Universal Dispenser has thought fit to allot for his share.

An uncle of mine who, not long ago, thought fit to desert the world, for better or worse, bequeathed to me, his only surviving relative, a small hut, situate on one of those sequestered cliffs of the highlands where human feet seldom tread, but where nature displays her charms in those grand and extensive prospects which she spreads before and around us. It is a rude habitation, built of hewn logs piled massively upon each other—and I cannot better describe the surrounding objects than by the beautiful lines of Dr. Beattie;

Thy shades, thy silence now be mine,
Thy charms my only theme;
My haunt, the hollow cliff, whose pine
Waves o'er the gloomy stream—
Where the scared owl, on pinnions gray,
Breaks from the rustling boughs,
And down the lone vale sails away
To more profound repose.

Here had I chosen to make my summer residence, away from man; his follies and his crimes I had left, for the sequestered solitude of what was, to me, a far more delightful retreat than the palace of the Nabob, with all its tinselled embellishments, to hide the misery contained within. This, thought I, is mine. Unnoted as it is, by the passing eye of the stranger, yet to the heart that has tasted the sweets of retirement, how soothing to be lulled to rest under the extended shade of its towering oak and wide-spreading sycamore. I had occupied this solitary spot for about a week, and had already chosen

my favourite places, as well for meditation as repose. When man is thrown alone, either by chance or design, into solitude, he loves to choose his trees and shades, even the very stones on which he reclines become objects of emotion to him, in proportion as he associates with them and the surrounding objects; the remembrance of the moments of happiness which they had contributed to obtain him. I had, I discovered, a most charming cluster of rees, topping a high rocky point of the mountain, about half a mile from my dwelling—thither I one day strolled to enjoy, more extensively, the surrounding prospect; the air, even on the mountain, was hot, and the summit of my rock promised me a cessation of its effects—the way was steep, and when it was gained I lay under an elm, and was soon locked in the embraces of Morpheus.

I know not how long I had been in this situation when I was disturbed by the sound of voices near me. I sprang on my feet, and observed two females of, apparently, between twenty and twenty-five, and who, on finding themselves discovered, retreated with the utmost precipitation; one of them, in her hurry, dropping a folded paper, which, as she did not return to recover, I took the liberty of perusing. As it amused me I have transcribed it.

A FRAGMENT.

***** Ferdinand shuddered as he was preparing himself for the bridal ceremony. The memory of Frederica, the innocent creature whom his crimes had doomed to misery, was clinging to his thoughts. But his heart had become callous to distress; and the images of his approaching grandeur, in the espousal of the noble and beautiful Baptista, floated before him—and his proud heart was lost to all but the attainment of his ambitious hopes.

The peals of the vesper bell reminded him of his time being limited. He quickly arranged his dress, and descended to meet the bride. They entered the chapel amid the crowd of guests who were there awaiting their approach. How awful were the feelings of Ferdinand as he stepped over the threshold of the sacred edifice, the same in which, not a year had elapsed, since he had plighted his faith to the unhappy Frederica. An involuntary tremour shot through his veins, when the recollection of his guilt rushed upon him; yet he was too well schooled in the ways of deception, not to smother feeling when its exposure would, alike, elicit astonishment and inquiry. His step became bolder as he approached the altar. The sight of friends, and the certainty of the consummation of his plans, gave a renewed excitement to his energies. His eye lit up with additional fire, as he took the trembling hand of his bride, to lead her to that altar, at which, she was never to become a wife.

The sun had been long sunk in gloom; the darkness had already overtopped the

high spire of the convent; the blast moaned in low breathings through the lofty arched aisles of the chapel; and the flickering of the torches threw an additional gloom over their deep recesses—now broadly glaring their light—and then, again, as if fearful of exposure, sinking in the waving glimmer, as the wind swept by them. Many misgivings had Ferdinand—but a few moments would seal his doom, and he braved his conscience to the last.

The swelling notes of the organ, and full-toned voices of the choir, rising, simultaneously, announced the approach of the Holy father, who, attended by youths in white robes, flinging incense around the altar, gave an additional tone to the ceremony. The sweet Baptista, who stood trembling on the brink of a state in which she had promised herself much happiness, was disturbed by the frequently vacant glances which he, who should have been the happiest of the assembly, threw about him. She could not conceive that the gay, the volatile Ferdinand should, at such a time, and in such a place, be most abstracted.

The monk arose, and in a slow and solemn tone, repeated the marriage ceremony; the last and final response was yet hanging on the lips of the groom, when a deep, low voice, as if from the extremity of the chapel, exclaimed—'Hold!'—Cold and deathlike hung the hand of Ferdinand in that of Baptista, who was herself at a loss for the solution of the mystery. 'Hold!'—again the voice was heard.—The attendants raised their torches, and mingling with the lengthening shadows of the pillars was seen the form of a female in black, wrapped fully in a veil.—The eyes of Ferdinand glared as though they would have started from their sockets—that form—sure it could be no other. She raised the veil from her brow, and stood before him—it was enough—'Frederica!' he cried *****

Here finishes my manuscript, and here, for the present, must I subscribe myself, in all due deference—
PROTEUS.

The first and most important female quality is sweetness of temper. Heaven did not give to the female sex insinuation and persuasion, in order to be surly; it did not make them weak in order to be imperious: it did not give them a sweet voice, in order to be employed in scolding: it did not provide them with delicate features, in order to be disfigured with anger. A wife frequently has cause to lament her condition; but never to utter bitter complaints. A husband too indulging, is apt to make an impertinent wife; but unless he be a monster, sweetness of temper in his wife will restore him to good humour, and soon or late triumph over him.

Good education is a choice blessing: but innate virtue sometimes makes vigorous efforts under all disadvantages.

THE AMERICAN ATHENÆUM.

THURSDAY, SEPT. 1, 1825.

AMERICAN LITERATURE.

It is no trifling evidence of the improvement made in the condition of our literature, that a lively curiosity is evinced in every part of Europe to become acquainted with the transactions of our learned societies, and the contents of our literary and scientific journals. In Germany, it is well known, that this feeling has long been cherished; and a considerable portion of the periodical works of that country has, in consequence, been constantly devoted to analyses of American publications. The English, too, however they may attempt to disguise it by an affected air of superiority and neglect, are keenly alive to all that transpires on this side of the Atlantic; and we are glad to be able to add the French to the number of those who interest themselves in our progress. To this attention it will scarcely be denied that we are fully entitled, equally by the extent and the importance of the efforts now making by our men of science, and our scholars, to enlarge the bounds of general knowledge, and improve the moral and intellectual condition of mankind. Independently, however, of the gratification afforded to us by the display of this testimony in our favour, we think we should rejoice in it, and seek to preserve it as an honourable and permanent means, whereby kindly feelings of amity and social intercourse, between foreign nations and ourselves, may be more effectually cultivated. Cherishing these sentiments, we are glad to comply with the request contained at the bottom of the subjoined communication, first published in that valuable repository, the National Gazette of Philadelphia:

"The following letter from M. Jullien, founder and director of the Revue Encyclopedique, to the members of the Athenæum of Philadelphia, is published by order of the Board of Directors of that institution:

"PARIS, 27th April, 1825.

"I have the honour of forwarding to you, through the care of Mr. Begule, your correspondent in this city, several extracts from the Revue Encyclopedique, a central journal of the civilized world, in which we are endeavouring to exhibit, in a periodical form, a compressed view of the most remarkable productions of the human mind, in all the arts and sciences, and in every country.

"Wishing to have it in our power frequently to speak of America, and in particular of the United States, where learning and civilization are making such rapid progress, under the influence of a well-regulated liberty, I take the liberty of inviting you to make known to the authors and editors of the principal periodical, and other works, published in the United States, that if they will be pleased to direct them to us, we shall make it our object to insert careful and extensive analyses of them, in our journal, which is now spread over every part of the globe—and we shall willingly exchange our Review with the editors of important and esteemed periodical works, who can supply us with two copies of their publication, one for our own use, and the other for an Encyclopedical Museum, established at Paris, Rue Richelieu, No. 60, and to which are gratuitously admitted all the friends of science and literature, foreigners as well as Frenchmen, who are in our capital.

"I shall be happy, gentlemen, if one or more

of the members of the Athenæum of Philadelphia will be pleased occasionally to correspond with the Revue Encyclopedique; our enclosed Prospectus will sufficiently show the kind of communications which is suited to our plan.

"Accept, gentlemen, the assurance of my most distinguished consideration.

"JULLIEN,

"Of Paris, Rue d'Enfer St. Michel, No. 10.

"N. B. The printers of newspapers and of literary and scientific journals, in the United States, who are friendly to American literature and science, are requested to publish the above."

AMERICAN COLONIZATION SOCIETY.

THE objects of this laudable and philanthropic association are well known to be the promotion and execution of a plan for colonizing, in Africa, and with their consent, the free people of colour, at present residing in our country. Among its members and supporters are to be found some of the most enlightened and influential men in the union; and its success, thus far, has been very flattering, notwithstanding the numerous and very serious obstacles which have been every where opposed to its progress. An eligible spot was selected, after due examination and mature inquiry, for the express purpose, and bought from the natives on the coast of Africa, at Cape Mesurado, (also called Mesurado.) This place appears to combine every advantage required in such a settlement, and the colonists, exceeding two hundred in number, enjoy as good health as in any part of the United States. Those who desire information on this point, will find the most ample materials in the annual reports published by the society, a careful perusal of which will satisfy any impartial mind that the plan is not only practicable, but pregnant with the most incalculable benefits, in its forthcoming and necessary results to entire Africa. And when we take into consideration the deplorable condition of this vast and fertile continent, on the one hand; and, on the other, the miserable degradation to which our coloured population is doomed, as long as they are mingled, in involuntary subjection, with ourselves—how can we hesitate to lend our hearts and hands to furthering the great object of making them a separate, independent, and enlightened community, from whose melioration may be expected to flow, as a stream from a well-supplied spring, the civilization and the calling in to truth and happiness, the vast and barbarous hordes that now swarm in the wildernesses of Africa.—Not the least prospective benefit arising from the success of this noble scheme, will be the gradual, but sure extinction of slavery. One of the greatest barriers to the emancipation of the miserable bondmen in the south, is the fear of their being let loose on society, inflamed by brutish passions, and unrestrained by the kindly influences of knowledge and morality. This barrier has, hitherto, been insurmountable. But the planting of a colony, like the one already begun, promises to remove it. Restored to freedom, it is only necessary that the black be taken by the hand, in the true spirit of friendship and brotherhood, by his own more enlightened brethren, and then to suppose him incapable of being redeemed from his barbarism, were a slander on human nature.—The existence of a civilized community amongst the African nations, would also tend, in the course of time, to soften their rudeness, and bring them over to a proper sense of religious responsibility;

ties; and, this once effected, an effectual check would at once be given to the prevalence of the cruel and savage traffic in human flesh.

Such are a few of the advantages which, it seems to us, would accrue from the success of the undertaking of the Colonization Society. And under such auspicious circumstances has it been carried on, that it strikes us with no little astonishment to observe the spirit of indifference, if not of direct hostility, which has been entertained by many in relation to this subject. Laudable and magnanimous in itself, holding forth the long withheld promise of justice to an injured race, and withal, politic as it regards our own interest, this plan deserves the approbation, and is entitled to the active support, of every American, who cherishes a regard for his country, and would rejoice to see her aspersed name redeemed from a foul stain.

We have been, more especially, led to offer these remarks by the perusal of a very excellent sermon, preached by the Rev. Dr. Wm. McMurRAY, in the Reformed Dutch Church, in Market-street, in behalf of the society. The parent institution, at Washington, has a branch in this city, at the head of which is the venerable Col. ROTUNDA, who is always found ready to aid the cause of humanity, and extend the empire of knowledge.

MR. ROBERTSON'S SECOND AERIAL ASCENT.

On Monday next, the 5th inst. Mr. Robertson will ascend for the second time, in a balloon from Castle-Garden. We hope that the ascent will not take place so late in the day as the first, and that we may be gratified with an account of the scientific observations of the Aeronaut in his passage through the fields of air.

THE DRAMA.

THE PARK THEATRE

Was re-opened, for the season, on Monday evening, with the comedy of the Hypocrite, and the affecting melo-drama of Therese, or the Orphan of Geneva. The house was crowded and fashionable, and evinced continued signs of satisfaction and approbation. Mrs. Hilson, late Miss Johnson, was very cordially and enthusiastically received, and no one hesitated to construe the marks of applause bestowed on this meritorious and popular actress, into heartfelt congratulations for the happiness which, we sincerely hope, awaits the late interesting change in her situation. She was, evidently, much affected by the kindness of her reception, but soon regained her composure, and went through the parts of Charlotte and Therese with her usual ability and spirit. In the latter, more especially, she displayed a power of appealing to the affections and sympathies of the human heart, which was irresistible, and drew forth repeated bursts of applause. The other performers received their due share of attention, and were, apparently, gratified with the auspicious good humour of the audience. We must not omit to mention that we observed decided marks of improvement in the appearance and acting of Mr. Richings. His enunciation was remarkably clear, and his reading correct. We should be glad to say this at all times, of all actors.

We are pleased to perceive that Mr. Conway has been engaged at this theatre. His readings are still fresh in our memory, unsurpassed by those of any actor that ever appeared on our boards. We would wish to see this gentleman permanently attached to our stage. He would be instrumental in introducing to the public a better knowledge of our best dramatic writers, so much wanted in this country.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

☉ in our next.

Other correspondents will receive due consideration.